

# Church Universal

"This is the victory which overcometh the world—our faith."

## IN HOLY WEEK.

By the Rev. Arthur E. O'Neill, C. S. C.  
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 men must die like Christ in this at least,  
 in mortal breathing now the vital air  
 speeding on down Time's thoroughfare  
 to his Good Friday, when his soul, released  
 from fleshly bonds, shall learn that time has ceased.  
 Not yet beside us all whom unaware  
 last day shall engrossed with worldly care,  
 pull forth to hail it as a welcome feast.

And all who die will surely rise again:  
 For yet the world's Good Friday shall have passed—  
 that day of doom concealed from human ken—  
 the Easter of mankind will dawn at last,  
 oh grant, dear Christ, that we who bear Thy name  
 may rise with Thee to glory, not to shame!

## CHURCH CALENDAR.

April Devotion, the Holy Ghost.  
 Sunday, 3—Resurrection of Our Lord. St. Richard.  
 Monday, 4—Easter Monday. S. Plato, Ab. S. Hilbert, M. Dev.  
 Tuesday, 5—Easter Tuesday. S. Vincent Ferrer, B. Juliana of Liège, V. Dev.  
 Wednesday, 6—S. Celestine P. S. Sixtus I. P. M.  
 Thursday, 7—S. Celsus of Armagh, B. Blessed Herman Joseph.  
 Friday, 8—S. Dionysius, B. S. Walter, Ab. B. Albert, B.  
 Saturday, 9—S. Waltrade. S. Mary Cleophas.

## RELIGION.

Not to the swift, the race!  
 Not to the strong, the fight!  
 Not to the righteous, perfect grace;  
 Not to the wise, the light.

But often failing feet  
 Come, ye who walk in darkness meet  
 And they who walk in darkness meet  
 The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night  
 The Syrian hosts have died  
 A thousand times the vanquished right  
 Hath risen, glorified.

The truth the wise men sought  
 Was spoken by a child:  
 The alabaster box was brought  
 In trembling hands defiled.

Not only from my torch, the gleam,  
 But from the stars above,  
 Not from my heart, life's crystal stream,  
 But from the depths of love.  
 —Henry Van Dyke in Atlantic Monthly.

## PASSION, OR HOLY WEEK.

The week in which the Church commemorates Christ's passion and death is variously spoken of by the ancient writers as the Great Week, Holy Week, the Week of the Holy Passion, the Penitential Week, the Week of Forgiveness. Many and varied are the sentiments that move the Church during the year. Now she is engaged in supplicating God's mercy, now in singing His praises, again she discovers to Him her necessities. But in Holy Week she can only bewail the sorrows and death of her spouse. Her ceremonies are devoid of pomp, her altars devoid of ornaments.

The ceremonies of this season are peculiar, distinct and significant, different from those of other festivals, symbolizing forth for us the sorrows of the Church and the sufferings of our Redeemer.

The Tenebrae.—This is the name given to the Masses and lauds which are usually sung on the afternoon of evenings of Wednesday, Thursday and Friday in Holy Week. At the beginning of the office fifteen lighted candles are placed on a triangular candelabrum, and at the end of each usque one is put out, till only a single candle is left lighted at the top of the triangle. During the singing of the Benedictus the candles on the high altar are extinguished, while in the antiphon after the Benedictus the single candle left alight is hidden at the Epistle corner of the altar, to be brought out again at the end of the office. This extinction figures the growing darkness of the time when Christ, the Light of the World, was taken.

Holy Thursday.—On this day one Mass only can be said in the same church, and that Mass must be a public one. The Mass is celebrated in white vestments, because the institution of the Eucharist is joyfully commemorated, but at the same time there are certain signs of mourning proper of the Holy Week. The bells, which ring at the Gloria, do not sound again till the Gloria in the Mass of Holy Saturday, and the Church returns to her ancient use of unanioning the faithful or anioning their attention by a wooden clapper. Nor is the embrace of peace given. The celebrant encasates an additional host, which is placed in a chalice and borne in procession after the Mass to a place prepared for it. In ancient times this procession occurred daily, for there was no tabernacle over the altar for preserving the particles which remained over after the communion of the faithful.

Since the seventh century the holy oils, formerly consecrated at any time, have been blessed by the bishop in the Mass of this day. Twelve priests and seven deacons assist as witnesses of the ceremony. The bishops and priests breathe three times upon the oil of the catechumens and the chrism, meaning by this action that the power of the Holy Spirit is shed to descend on the oils; and after the consecration is complete they salute the oils with the words: "Hail, holy oil; hail, holy chrism."

Good Friday.—On this day the Church commemorates the Passion of Christ so that it is the most solemn and solemn of all the days in Holy Week. The officiating clergy appear in black vestments, and prostrate themselves before the altar, which still remains stripped. Nor are the candles lighted. After a short pause, the altar is covered with white cloths, and passages of the Old Testament, followed by the history of the Passion from St. John, are read. Next the Church prays solemnly for all conditions of men, for all the members of the hierarchy, for the profane of the Christian people, for catechumens, heretics, Jews and pagans.

We have now to speak of the most striking and singular feature of the Good Friday ritual. The Latin church contents herself with abstaining from the celebration of Mass on Good Friday; the day on which Christ was offered as a bleeding victim for our sins. This Mass of the Presanctified on Good Friday is mentioned by Pope Innocent I in his letter to Decentius. The Blessed Sacrament is borne in procession from the chapel where it was placed the day before, while the choir sings the hymn "Vexilla Regis." The priest places the Host on the altar, the candles of which are now lighted. The Blessed Sacrament is elevated and adored while the wooden clapper is sounded; it is divided into three parts, one of which is put into a chalice containing wine and water. Finally the priest receives the portions of the Host which remain on the paten, and then takes the wine with the third portion of the Host. According to a Roman Ordo written about the year 800 and quoted by Thomassin, the ceremony ended with the silent communion of the faithful; but the present discipline of the Church forbids communion to be given on Good Friday except in the case of sickness.

## EASTER DUTY.

One of the chief obligations required of a Catholic is the performance of his Easter duty. At least once a year, and that at Easter time, every Catholic is required to go to Confession and Holy Communion. He may approach the sacraments as

often during the year as he wishes, and the oftener the better; but at Easter time he is compelled, under penalty of excommunication while living, and under penalty of being refused Christian burial at time of death. Nothing can befall one to be more regretted and so humiliating to the family left behind than for one to die unprepared and without the rights of the church in which he was born. It is now almost Easter, and everyone should avail themselves of the opportunity of complying with the mandates of the Church—the sooner the better, and the more certain it will be performed. The performance of one's Easter duty should not be postponed; something may happen that will not permit one to perform it at a later day.

## ST. ROSE OF LIMA.

(Frederic J. Haskin in the New Orleans Daily Picayune.)

It was a fit hour to hear the stories that good old Father Francisco told me of this ancient stronghold of the Catholic Church.

No mention of the glory of the Church in Lima would be complete without the telling of the story of Saint Rose of Lima. The wonderful history of the life of this holy daughter of Peru has few equals in sacred literature. She was America's first saint, and was the daughter of honorable parents. Her baptismal name was Isabella, but as she lay in her cradle, a tiny breathing thing, there were roses in her cheeks, and her mother said: "Her name must be Rose." It is written that she consecrated her life to God when she was but 5 years of age. From her very youth her walk was that of piety. She had purity as white as a virgin's soul. The mere fact that her parents had changed her name caused her great grief of spirit, for she believed it was the result of their vanity, and she considered pride of that sort greatly unbecoming to a worthy daughter of God. She was very beautiful as a child, but steadfastly refused to dress in the gay fashion of the young. Once when her mother insisted that she wear a crown of flowers on her head, she pinned it to her flesh with needles, and the pain she suffered was not discovered until her nurse, late at night, found out what she had done.

As a girl she kept a garden and cultivated bitter herbs, planting them in the form of crosses. When men came to court her she was displeased at the beauty which attracted them, and scolded herself with hot lime. After she became a nun she was not content with her ordinary discipline, and chastised her body with instruments of penance. The bed she used was in the form of a rough wooden box, filled with stones, pieces of wood and broken tiles. During the forty days of Lent she took no bread, and at other times she was known to subsist for fifty days on one loaf of bread and a pitcher of water. During her supplications she tortured herself mercilessly with iron chains.

Her whole life was a miracle. She was a saint if one ever lived in the flesh. Her little habitation was on a place where mosquitoes were very thick. They made it exceedingly uncomfortable for every one else, but one of them never alighted upon the consecrated person of the saint. The birds knew her well. She could command them at her will. When she desired them to come and sing praises to the Master they responded, and went away at once when she wished them to depart. The strangest thing of all was that she knew the day and the hour when she was to die, and her white soul winged its way to Paradise at the exact time she appointed. Fifteen years later, when her body was taken up, the coffin did not smell of the odor of decay, but was sweet with the unmistakable perfume of roses. In her name many miracles have been wrought here in Lima. A blind boy got his sight when her picture was laid before his face. A cripple stepped upon a garment of hers and he straightway threw down his crutch. We of old Lima will ever hold her sweet memory in reverence.

## WHAT THE GREGORIAN CHANT IS.

The Gregorian chant takes its name, of course, from Pope Gregory I, called "the Great," who was Pope from 590 until his death in 604. Excepting Leo I, he was the greatest of the early Bishops of the Church, and the Church today bears many marks of his reign.

The music used in the service existed from time immemorial. Its origin has been variously attributed to Greece and to Hebrew sources. W. S. Rockstro, an English writer, says the most widely spread opinion is that the older portion of the music originated with the psalms themselves, or at least sprang from the later synagogue music.

At any rate, they were handed down unwritten, by oral tradition, and so were in danger of corruption. Ambrose Milan, fearing the loss of the venerable melodies, toward the close of the fourth century endeavored to restore them as nearly as possible to their primitive purity and to teach the clergy to sing them with a greater precision than had previously been attempted. A still more extensive work of the same kind was what Pope Gregory undertook two centuries later, and there arose two schools, the "Ambrosian," which disappeared everywhere except in Milan, and the "Gregorian," which obtained universal use with the authority of Rome.

Gregory invented, or authorized additions to the chants, or rather to the "modes" or scales in which they were written, and on which the system is based. Briefly, they are unisonous music, whose phrases are divided into two portions by double bars, corresponding to the balanced verses of Hebrew.

The collection of chants grew, and the modes in which they were written also grew, until an ecclesiastical decision was promulgated allowing all fourteen of the known modes to be used. An immensely large number of these melodies has been preserved, in psalm tones or antiphons, the ordinarium missae, the introits, graduals and offertories, precatones, versuculi and responsoria, the hymns and sequences and the lamentations, exultet and other music of Holy Week.

The melodies of the ordinarium missae are probably of much later date than the psalm-tones.

## "LADY DAY."

English Name for the Feast of the Annunciation. Lady Day is the name given to the Feast of the Annunciation in England—a gentle, reverent, chivalrous name which ought to make all women feel very joyous and very humble.

Do you like it that this beautiful feast day falls in Lent?—for you know it almost always does. Lent is a time set apart for repentance and self-examination, and yet into this stern season—sometimes at the very middle of it, in mid-Lent, or mid-careme, as the French say—comes the message of the angel: "Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed are thou among women!" And suddenly, above the chanting of the penitential psalms springs the triumphant hymn, the Magnificat: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit rejoiceth in God my Savior."

Sometimes Lady Day falls on Sunday, which is always a feast day; but I like it better when this particular feast has a day to itself and stands apart from the quietness on each side of it. Do you think

this joy comes out of place, and ill-timed? No, surely not. If there were no Feast of the Annunciation there would be no Christian Lent for us. If in these years of the twentieth century (which would not be the twentieth century at all) the message of the angel had not yet been delivered, we should indeed be in very great darkness. There would be no Easter, no promise of eternal life; there would be no Good Friday, no way of being delivered from our sins, for we could not deliver ourselves from them by our own feeble strength. There would be no Palm Sunday, no single day of even earthly triumph for the Son of Man; and of course there would be no Christmas and no Christianity. What a strange world to live in if that were true!

So we see that this joyous feast does not come simply to give us an extra day of relief from prayer and fasting; the Church is not afraid of letting her children stay too long on their knees. This feast day blossoms like a flower in our wilderness, that we may remember and give thanks for these forty days of penitent quiet which have been given us, and which can only be a help and a strength to us because that prophecy in Genesis about the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent has been fulfilled. For, if there were no Feast of the Annunciation, we should be keeping the perpetual un-Christian Lent in a perpetual wilderness, and there would be no way out. Let us rejoice in Lady Day.—The Catholic Record.

## GOD'S PLACE.

By M. Bell.

"The peace of God which passeth all understanding."—Phil. iv. 7.

How oft amid the griefs of life,  
 Perplexed, misjudged, distressed,  
 O God, I waver in the strife,  
 And long and cry for rest.  
 How oft I feel—so great my need,  
 My courage so outworn—  
 As though my griefs were now indeed  
 Greater than could be borne.

Yet oft will come in times like these—  
 Come like a gracious balm—  
 A sense of peace, of joy, of ease,  
 A sense of heaven's own calm.  
 Ah! then my heart would fain express  
 What I have felt before—  
 What I have felt before—  
 'Tis not I feel my griefs are less—  
 I feel Thy love is more.

And some are here, O God, today,  
 Here with their voiceless grief,  
 O give the aid for which they pray,  
 O give such sweet relief.  
 O give Thy peace, Thy calm, Thy joys,  
 Here as they humbly bow—  
 Such gifts, nor time, nor change destroys,  
 Give them, and give them now.

## TELL ALL TO GOD.

"It is true," says St. Chrysostom, "that in heaven, seated on His throne of glory, God gives His care to His angels and saints, and to the grand designs of His wisdom and sanctity." But in your home and within the sanctity of your soul, where you are alone with Him, His one thought rests upon you. His providence and love are intent upon what concerns you and no other. He is all-loving, only to be loved by you, to win your confidence and to induce you to tell Him all your troubles, your family cares, your daily work and your inner life. Speak them to Him with love and freedom. Do not answer that He knows already. He does know it, certainly, since nothing is hidden from Him as God, but there are matters of which He is unimpaired and they are precisely yours when you will not speak of them to Him. Your silence, which conceals them from Him, makes them as they were, unknown to Him, and He has no intention, therefore, of bringing them to a happy issue by the blessing of His providence.

If you have confided your trouble and annoyances to the world around you, and have said nothing about them to God, your worldly companions will know all that concerns you; your God will know nothing.—Fr. Bourard, S. J.

## THE POPE'S SIMPLICITY.

The favorite gossip of Roman drawing rooms centers around the Pope's simplicity and sweetness of character. During a recent interview the Pope took out his watch and looked at it. It was an old, much-rubbed, much-battered nickel watch, attached to his waistcoat by an ancient leather bootlace. One of the noblemen present, who noticed this humble timepiece, could not restrain his horror at the thought that the head of the Church should have so poor a watch. He instantly took out his own watch—a valuable lever, with a monogram of jewels on the back—and begged the Pope, as a great favor, to exchange watches with him that he might carry away a personal souvenir of the visit. But the Pope refused the offer with great vehemence. "My mother gave me this," he said, caressing the old nickel turnip, "when I was a boy. I fastened it on with this very bootlace, and vowed that I would wear it as long as it would go at all. A vow," added His Holiness, returning the watch to his pocket, "which I always believe to have been the cause of the admirable time that my chronometer keeps to this day and why it never gets out of order."

## REDEMPTION.

He suffered that our sins might be forgiven,  
 And life's long way made dark by you and me  
 Be brightened and lead us straight to heaven.  
 Our souls redemption won by Christ's great agony.

We had naught but unredeeming sin about us,  
 Our souls without this light were surely lost.  
 Life, joy, faith, hope—all lay dull within us,  
 Until Christ's sacrifice upon the cross.

—Lucile W. MacPherson.

## HE FELT IT.

How an Army Officer Withdrew His Demand for a Demonstration of the Usefulness of Confession.

During the war between France and Holland, a brilliant young officer of the French army, on his way to the front, found himself in Cambrai and called upon its famous archbishop.

"Monsieur," said he, "within a few days I shall face the enemy. Before the battle, I am rather inclined to confess my sins to you; but I should like first to hear from your lips the proofs which establish the divinity of confession."

"Very well," said the affable prelate, "I am willing. As it is natural, however, in all matters to take the shortest road, confess yourself first, and perhaps after that you may let me off some of the proofs."

"But," stammered the young man, "the process is unscientific, if one has to practice confession in order to know the motives for confessing."

"That may be all well enough in theory," replied the pious archbishop, "but in practice you will find the practice to be of unquestionable efficacy. Yield, then, to my age and experience, if not to your own conviction; and in case, when you have done, you relieve me from the task of arguing the question, we shall have saved two hours which we owe, you to France and I to the Church."

Overcome by the persuasive tones of the gentle prelate, the officer knelt down. There followed between the two that mysterious colloquy which God clothes with all the love He feels for the prodigal son returning to the paternal roof. When the confession was finished the officer was in tears, and the confessor, placing his hands on the young man's shoulders, exclaimed:

"Well, do you wish me to demonstrate now the usefulness of what you have just done?"  
 "No, your grace," sobbed out the penitent, "I have done better than understand it; I have felt it."  
 —Ave Maria.

When the secret of a blessed life is made plain to us, we see that each one must learn it for himself.

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